THE ADVENTURES OF LEROY COOL, 21: LEROY MEETS OSCAR PISTORIUS

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Hi there, or perhaps I should say “Hello dere!” Did I ever tell you about the time I sat next to Oscar Pistorius? It was on the plane to the London Paralympics.

Excuse me, aren’t you the guy they call the Blade Runner?

Yes boy.

I thought I recognised you; you’re quite famous in my country.

Which country is that, boy?

The USA.

Oh right, I should have recognised the accent.

What are you going to do if you win the gold in the 400 metres?

My sponsor has promised me a big bonus,

so I should have enough to buy my own place.

A home in the country, huh?

No, I have my eye on a place in Silver Lakes, a nice gated community where I'll be safe from the blicks.

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Oh, I didn't mean it like that. It's just that after I shot to fame I've been targetted by robbers and muggers.

Oh.

No offence intended, boy.

None taken.

Such a polite bloke. Totally unlike the stereotypical white South African. I was shocked to hear he'd been charged with murdering his girlfriend. I'd like to say I hope he beats the rap, but frankly...

I don't think he's got a leg to stand on.